



Sung by
ANNA HELD

May May?

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Words by
MICHAEL ROURKE

Music by
L. PERSLEY

MAY I, MAY?

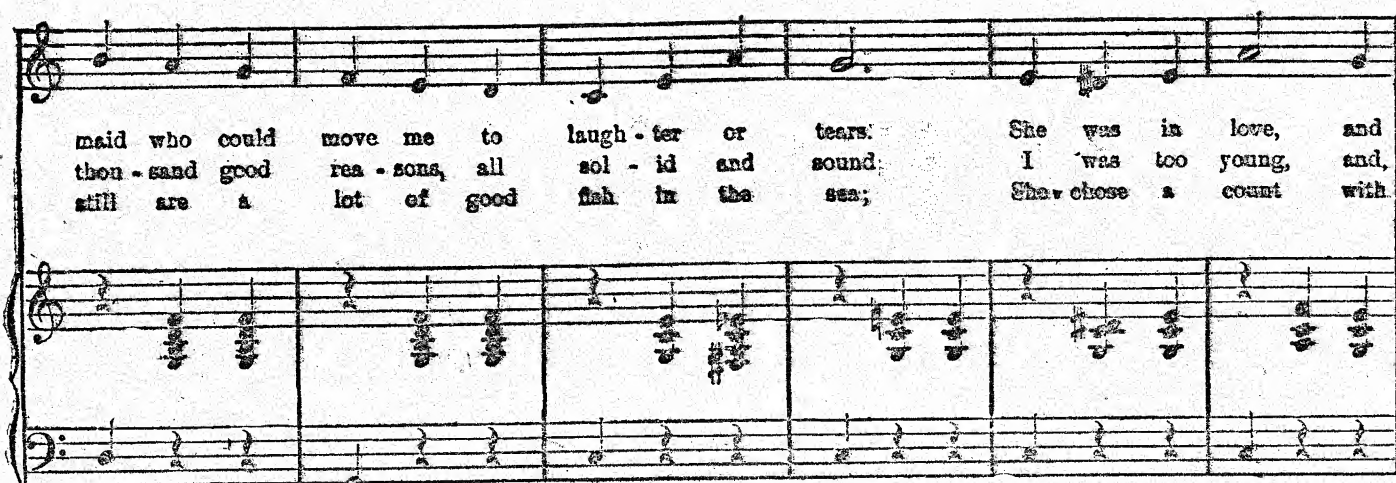
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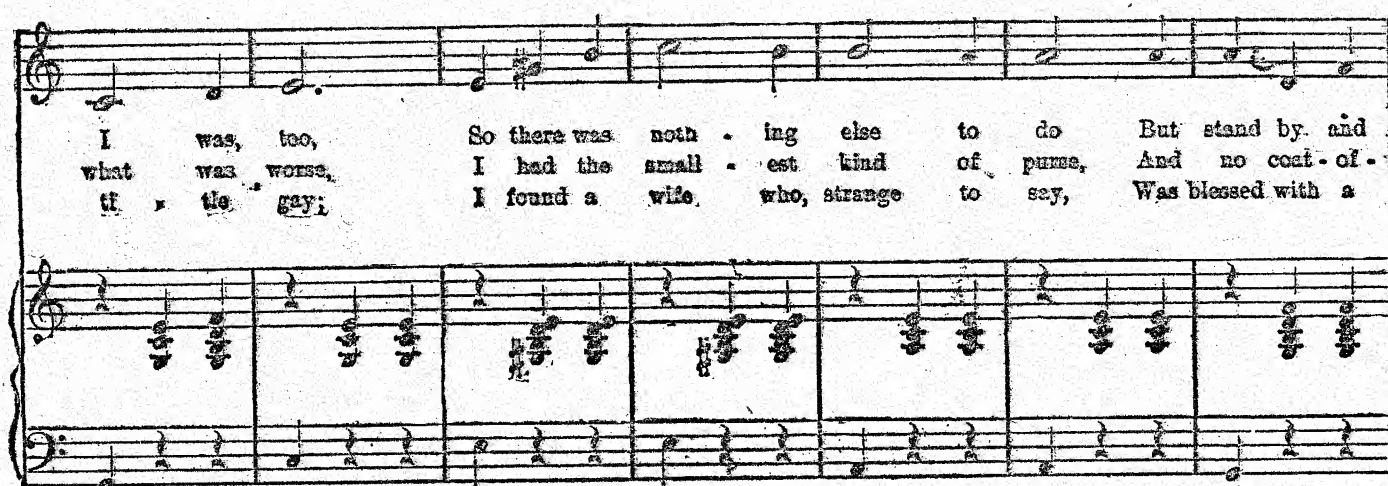
INTRO.

1. May was a maid of tender years, I but a boy whose
2. Soon to my great dismay I found There were ob-sec-tions
3. This is be-tween just you and me, I have since mar-ried.

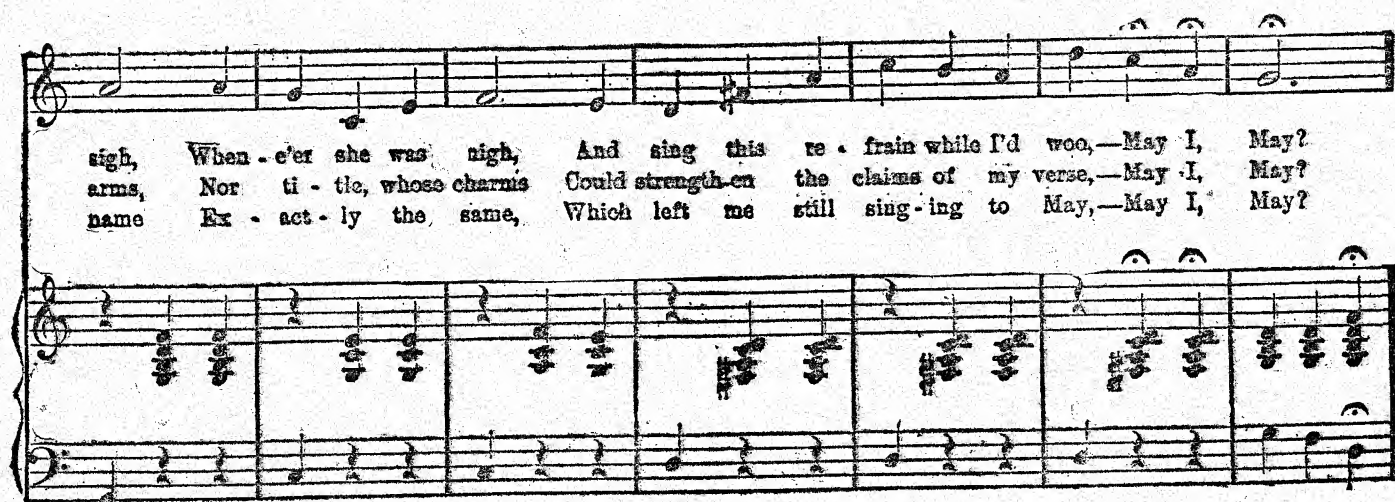
hopes and fears Were cen-tered up-on This dear lit-tle one, This
all a-round; Her fa-ther said, Not Her moth-er could show A
as as she, — Which all goes to show, How ev-er things go, There



maid who could move me to laugh - ter or tears: She was in love, and
 thou - sand good rea - sons, all sol - id and sound: I was too young, and
 still are a lot of good fish in the sea; She chose a count with



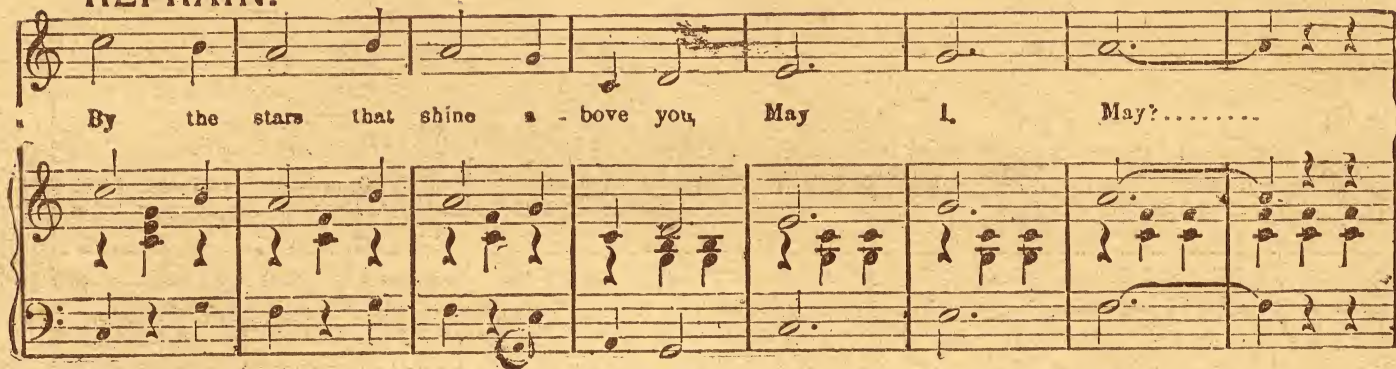
I was, too, So there was noth - ing else to do But stand by, and
 what was worse, I had the small - est kind of puna, And no coat - of -
 ti - tie gay; I found a wife, who, strange to say, Was blessed with a



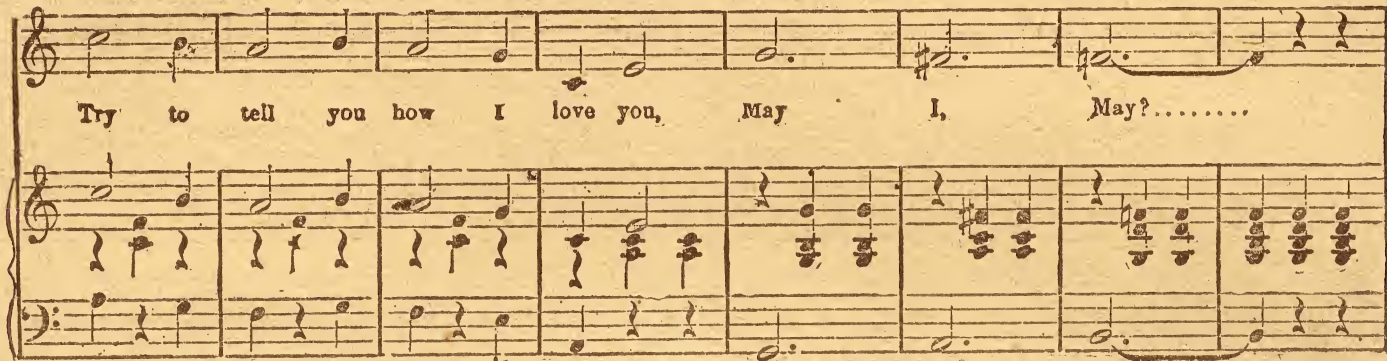
sigh, When - e'er she was nigh, And sing this re - frain while I'd woo,—May I, May?
 arms, Nor ti - tle, whose charms Could strength - en the claims of my verse,—May I, May?
 name Ex - act - ly the same, Which left me still sing - ing to May,—May I, May?

REFRAIN.

By the stars that shine a - bove you, May I, May?.....



Try to tell you how I love you, May I, May?.....



Do not an - swer "Mis - ter, I can on - - ly be your sis - ter,"



May I say I love you..... May I, May?.....

